

THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

VOLUME V.

CHIPLEY, WASHINGTON COUNTY, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897.

NUMBER 4.

An Historic Church.

The history of the First Parish of Manchester, now a part of Boston, is the history of one of the oldest churches in New England. The parish was organized June 23, 1636, and the first church was built in 1646, and the second church was built in 1646, and the third in 1677. In 1743 they erected their fourth church, and on May 18, 1816, the corner-stone of the church turned a year ago was laid. Now a beautiful reproduction of the old church is ready for dedication. The old bell which has been recast and hung in its old position in the belfry, will continue to call parishioners to service, as it has done for over 145 years. This bell has been part of the civil as well as of the religious history of the town, for not only as it called the settlers to meeting, roused them to attend fires, called them to town meetings and tolled at deaths, but it announced the birth of liberty in 1776 and called the troops to the Civil War in 1861.

In Doubt.

A near-sighted girl happened to pass furnishing store and to glance at the show window. She checked a scream and said to her companion: "Oh, please come here and relieve my suspense." "How?" "Tell me what I am looking at, a constrictor or bicycle stockings!" Washington Star.

Ere the Farewell is Spoken

On the deck of the steamer, or on board the train that is to bear you away from those dear ones, you will, if you are wise, have safely away in your luggage a sufficient supply of that safeguard against illness—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Commercial travelers, tourists, and pioneer emigrants concur in testifying to the fortifying and saving properties of the Pink Pills. Use for constipation, biliousness, neuralgia and kidney complaints and nervousness.

A Nonsensical Notion.

Some folks actually believe that they can cure diseases through their stomachs. It is absurd to say that. The face of the man who believes this, because his disease stays right there. Says there till he uses Lettice's. It is only safe and certain cure for Lettice, Ring, Eczema and other itchy irritations. Good Dandruff, too. At drug stores, 50 cents, or mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

It should be placed in the water in which it is washed.

It is permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Cure. \$2.00 per bottle and treatise free. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Constipation for 30 years—LIZZIE FENNEL, 1001 N. 1st St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Dr. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Care, says: "Hill's Catarrh Cure cures every case that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children cures croup, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A VETERAN'S WIFE.

Affected With Heart Disease and Given Up to Die—Saved in a Wonderful Way.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y.

There is no one better known or respected in the village of Brookfield, Madison Co., New York, than Mrs. John Fisk, the wife of an old resident and veteran of the war of the Rebellion. In April of this year, Mrs. Fisk lay at death's door from neuralgia and heart disease, the family physician having recommended her to settle all her worldly affairs, as she was liable to be taken at any minute, and inquiring friends expected at each visit to hear that she had passed away. But Mrs. Fisk, to the surprise of her neighbors and physicians, suddenly began to mend, and now she is as strong and healthy a woman as her advanced age (75 years) can be found, and really does not appear nearly as old as she is. The following is her own story of how she was cured. "I consider it is a duty to myself and the community to tell of my extraordinary recovery from what was thought by my physicians, my husband and friends to be a fatal illness. I had long been suffering from neuralgia in its worst form, enduring agonies that only those who have undergone such torments know, until my heart became so affected functionally and organically, that the doctor said I was liable at any time to pass away. He had done all in his power for me, and I thank him much for his kindness and attention, and believe him to be a good, faithful physician. I was not disposed to die, however, if I could help it, and he having done all he could, I felt at liberty to use any other means that held out a chance of life, and determined to try a remedy that had been recommended by a friend who had been at death's door from rheumatism and heart disease, but who now is in good health.

"Whatever doubt I may have had as to this remedy's efficacy in a dismilar disease, to that from which he had suffered, was dispelled on reading in the Press of a case identical with my own being cured, with the name and address of the person who had been so benefited. So my husband and I were anxious that I should at once take the treatment, purchased for me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took them according to directions, and within a very short time the pains began to disappear, my heart's action became normal, and four weeks ago I ceased taking them, as I am entirely cured, and able to do my household work as well as when I was a young woman. "I had always, until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, looked with suspicion on all advertised proprietary medicines, but now my ideas have undergone a wondrous change in that direction, for under God's all-wise Providence, 'Pink Pills' have renovated me, and apparently given me a new lease of life.

"This is no secret in this locality, and I hope this certificate may be the means of other sufferers in distant places securing the same benefits that I have received.

"'Claxton's Fix.' Pink Pills are sold in boxes never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Telling Troubles.

"Tis said to be an easy thing, Another's woes to bear, But that depends, I wot, upon How free he is to share.

—Chicago Journal.

Profits 300 to 500 Per Cent.

The sewing machine, one of the greatest blessings in the way of machines ever offered the public, sold for years at sixty dollars in the United States. The same machine, however, to be shipped to a foreign land, could be purchased below twenty dollars. After the patents ran out the price fell rapidly until now sewing machines are sold for twenty-five dollars and often below twenty dollars. The sewing machine manufacturers became immensely rich from their profits of several hundred per cent. It has been estimated that typewriting machines cost less than twenty dollars to build, while they sell for fifty dollars to one hundred dollars each.

It is generally understood that an agreement exists whereby these high prices are maintained. Business men are compelled to pay from three hundred to five hundred per cent profit or go without the machines.

Are there any other machines which yield such profits as the sewing machine did for years, and the typewriting machine has and does, except it be the bicycle?

Needed Assurance.

"Why are they putting that glass front in the savings bank?" "So that the depositors can see how homely the president's typewriter is." —Chicago Post.

SMILE A LITTLE.

Smile a little, smile a little, As you go along, Not alone when life is pleasant, But when things go wrong. Care delights to see you frowning. Loves to hear you sigh. Turn a smiling face upon her. Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little, All along the road, Every life must have its burden, Every heart its load. Why sit down in gloom and darkness, With your grief to sup? As you bring fate's bitter tonic Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims Whom you pass and meet. Flowers are thorns and smiles are blossoms. Off for weary feet. Do not make the way seem harder By a sullen face. Smile a little, smile a little, Brighten up the place.

Smile upon your undone labor. Not for one who grieves O'er his task waits wealth or glory. He who smiles achieves. Though you meet with loss and sorrow In the passing years. Smile a little, smile a little, Even through your tears. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE OTHER FELLOW.



CHARACTERS: Dick Hatherly, a young painter; Letty Lorimer, his second cousin orphan; and Captain Vere Grierson, a soldier on a furlough.

SCENE I: A studio, Campden Hill. Rough sketches pinned on walls, some new canvases on easels; lay figure, with Tam-o'-Shanter rakishly a-top, posed on throne. Tray with a plate of sandwiches and empty beer bottles on piano. Under north skylight Hatherly in a painting blouse at work on six-foot-by-four canvas "Autumn in the New Forest."

Hatherly (soliloquizing): Well, I hope to goodness no one drops in this afternoon. There wasn't a day I could work from the time I brought it home in November till last week. If I'm not interrupted and get on as well as I have been doing, I may be in time for sending-in-day after all. (Gentle knock at the door, which Hatherly does not hear.)

Visitor: Tap, tap.

Hatherly (impatiently): O, bother! I'll pretend I'm out.

Visitor (louder): Tap, tap, tap!

Letty Lorimer (hesitatingly): Yes, Dick. May I come in? You're sure I'm not disturbing you?

Hatherly (mendaciously): O, no. Of course you're not. But I say, Letty, you won't mind my going on with my work, will you? I want to get this done for the Academy, and time is short now.

Letty (earnestly): No, Dick!

Hatherly (complacently): That's all right, then. Sit down there like a dear, and don't mind me. You see, the light is good now, and in a while it will be too dark to paint.

Letty takes a seat behind him and silently watches the progress of the work. At last, summoning up courage, she says nervously: Dick!

Hatherly (starting): Yes! why, I had nearly forgotten you, Letty. By the bye, what has become of the Dowager? She doesn't usually allow you out alone.

Letty: Grandmama is tired to-day and resting. I've been to the dress-maker's. Ford is with me. She is waiting in the carriage downstairs. I came alone (falteringly) because I wished to speak to you.

Hatherly: That's right, my dear. Gossip away. Tell me all your news. I can listen quite well, though I'm busy. How's the old lady? Been any pleasanter lately?

Letty (almost in tears): O, Dick! her temper is simply unbearable.

Hatherly: Horrid old vixen. I'm glad she's no guardian of mine.

Letty: I do try to be patient, but her tongue is so bitter and so cruel.

Hatherly (absently): Poor little girl.

Letty: I sometimes feel as if I could run away.

Hatherly (aggressed in studying foreground of picture, sotto voce): Ah, I've caught it now. Claxton was right. That shadow to the left is too heavy. What are you saying, Letty?

Letty (getting it out with a jerk): Do you remember Captain Grierson, one of the Leicester Griersons?

Hatherly (squeezing fresh color on his palette): Yes, that alteration will make all the difference. I beg pardon, Letty. You were saying—

Letty (patiently): Do you remember Captain Grierson?

Hatherly: Yes; he was at Rugby with me. Or was that his brother? Cecil Grierson—sandy-haired chap, tall.

Letty: Yes, Cecil Vere Grierson. I want to tell you, Dick—(Hatherly, leaving easel abruptly, goes to a table and returns with a small piece of cardboard with square cut from the centre, through which he gazes absently at the new arrangement. Letty sighs despondently.)

Hatherly (turning to her): Say, Letty! Just look through this square a moment. Don't you think the picture will compose better with that shadow lightened?

Letty (pale and agitated): Dick, I must go soon. Can you spare me a moment to-day?

Hatherly (penitently): Excuse me, dear. I'm beastly rude, treating you like this. It's the fault of this glorious light. There hasn't been a day like it all winter. I'm a boor, I know, but the fatal Monday draweth nigh after which no man can work.

Letty: Well, I was trying to tell you that Captain Grierson returns to India in two months to rejoin his regiment, and—

Dick (cheerfully interrupting): Lucky beggar! Seeing the world while we all vegetate at home.

Letty (faltering): And—Dick—he says he hates going back. He doesn't wish to go alone.

Hatherly (struck with sudden compunction): I say, Letty, what a thoughtless brute I am not to have given you some tea. Just touch the bell, will you?

Letty: No tea, thanks. I really couldn't drink it. Dick, he feels awful at leaving—everybody—and grandmama keeps getting worse and worse, and—

Hatherly (painting away vigorously): She's an unmitigated old wretch. Good thing she was a bit queer to-day, so that you could get off the chain and have a little flutter by yourself.

Letty: O, I don't think she would object to my coming here so much. She likes you pretty well, Dick. But to return to what we were saying—

Hatherly: Letty, just hand me that hand-mirror, will you? It's on the table beside you. Ah, thank you.

Letty (continuing, doggedly and huskily): So he said he'd come this evening—for his answer.

(Dick, staring fixedly at the reflection of his picture in the hand-mirror, makes no reply. Letty waits in breathless silence.)

Hatherly (speaking suddenly): Do come here, Letty, and say if you like that, or is it too strong?

Letty (rising): It is strong and decided, like yourself and all men, Dick. It is only we women who are weak and irresolute. Good-bye. No, don't come downstairs; I can see myself out. Good-bye.

Hatherly (relieved) Well, if you must go, good-bye. Come again soon, like a good girl, when I have more time to spare. And don't let the old lady bully you too much. Ta-ta. (Hatherly paints till the light fails, and then sits before the picture smoking meditatively.) Glad I took that hint of Claxton's. Funny how the duffer always gives you the best suggestions. It will be easy sailing now. The rest groups all right. Nice of Letty not staying when she saw I was working against time. She did not seem so happy as usual, somehow. Hateful time she has with that old grandmother. If I was richer I'd like to carry her off out of that old witch's clutches; but she's too young yet. She was talking about Grierson. Capital fellow he used to be. Going back to India? What a lot of fun those army chaps have—not like artists, shut up in a studio half the year. By the bye, what was it that Letty said about him not wishing to go back alone? He can't have been making love to that child. She is only eighteen, and I always thought of her as mine—some day. What did she say about him coming for his answer? Heavens! what a fool I've been. That's what she was trying to tell me, and I was ass enough to have thoughts for nothing but my picture. Blind idiot! (Getting up hurriedly.) This evening she said. I wonder if I can possibly be in time. (Seizes hat and rushes out.)

SCENE II. Entrance to the Dowager Lady. Lorimer mansion in Mayfair. Hatherly, alighting hurriedly from hansom, runs into Grierson descending steps of house.

Grierson (radiantly): Hullo, Hatherly!

Hatherly (blankly): Grierson!

Grierson: Delighted to meet you again, old man. Seems almost a good omen, don't you know?

Hatherly (with hollow politeness): Ah, very pleased, I'm sure.

Grierson (confidentially and effusively): Feel you sort of relation, don't you know. You see I've just—that is, Miss Letty has just—I say, old chap, by Jove, I'm awfully happy! Congratulate me.—Black and White.

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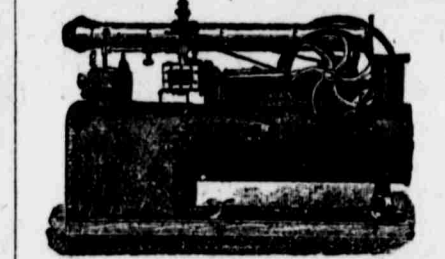
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